

Renascence Editions

Return to
[Renascence Editions](#)

Chloris. (William Smith ca. 1596)

Note on the e-text: this [Renascence Editions](#) text is based on the edition by Alexander B. Grosart, "Printed for the Subscribers. 1877." Grosart worked from a copy in the Bodleian Library. It was transcribed by Risa S. Bear in November 2006. The text is in the public domain. Content unique to this presentation is copyright © 2006 [The University of Oregon](#). For nonprofit and educational uses only. Send comments and corrections to the Publisher, [rbear\[at\]uoregon.edu](mailto:rbear@uoregon.edu)

CHLORIS, or THE COMPLAINT

of the passionate

despised Shep-
heard.

By William Smith.

ooOOOoo

*Imprinted at London,
By Edm. Bollifant
1596.*

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT
and learned Shepheard
Collin Cloute.



*Ollin my deere and moft entire beloued,
My mufe audacious stoupes hir pitch to thee,
Desiring that thy patience be not moued
By these rude lines, written heere you see,
Faine would my muse whom cruell loue hath
wronged,
Shroud hir loue labors vnder thy protection,
And I my selfe with ardent zeale haue longed,
That thou mightst knowe to thee my true affection.
Therefore good Collin, graciously accept
A few sad sonnets, which my muse hath framed,
Though they but nevvly from the shell are crept,
Suffer them not by enuie to be blamed.
But underneath the shadow of thy wings
Giue warmth to these yong-hatched orphan things.*

*Giue warmth to thefe yong-hatched orphan things,
Which chill with cold to thee for succour creepe,
They of my studie are the budding springs.
Longer I cannot them in silence keepe.
They will be gadding sore against my minde.
But curteous shepheard, if they run astray
Conduct them, that they may the path way finde,
And teach them how, the meane obserue they may.
Thou shalt them ken by their discording notes,
Their weedes are plaine, such as poore shepheards weare,
torne and ragged are their cotes,
Yet foorth they wandring are deuoid of feare.
They wich haue tasted of the muses spring,
I hope will smile vpon the tunes they sing.*

Finis. W. Smith

To all Shepheards in generall.

You whom the world admire for rarest stile,
You which haue sung the sonnets of true loue
Vpon my maiden verfse with fauour smile,
Whose weake pend muse to flie too soone doth proue,
Before hir feathers haue their full perfection,
She soares aloft prickt on by blind affection.

You whose deepe wits, ingine, and industrie,
 The euerlasting palme of praise haue wonne,
 You Parragons of learned Poesie,
 Fauor these mists, which fall before your sunne,
 Intentions leading to a more effect,
 If you them grace but with your milde aspect.

And thou the Genius of my ill tun'de note,
 Whose beautie vrged hath my rustick vaine,
 Through mighty Oceans of despaire to flote,
 That I in rime thy crueltie complaine :
 Vouchsafe to reade these lines both harsh and bad,
 Nuntiates of wo with forrow being clad.

W. Smith.

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 1.



Vrteous *Caliope*, vouchsafe to lend
 Thy helping hand to my untuned song,
 And grace these lines which I to write pretend,
 Compeld by loue that doth poore *Corin* wrong.
 And those thy sacred sisters I beseech,
 Which on *Parnassaes* mount do euer dwell,
 To shield my countrie muse and rurall speech,
 By their diuine authoritie and spell.
 Lastly to thee ô *Pan*, the Shepheards King,
 And you swift footed *Dryades* I call
 Attend to heare a swaine in verse to sing
 Sonnets of hir that keepes his hart in thrall:
 O *Chloris* waigh the taske I vndertake,
 Thy beautie subiect of my song I make.

Sonnet 2.

Thy beautie subiect of my song I make,
 O fairest faire, on whom depends my life,
 Refuse not then the taske I vndertake,
 To please thy rage, and to appease my strife.
 But with one smile remunerate my toile,
 None other guerdon, I of thee desire.
 Giue not my lowly muse new-hatcht the foile,
 But warmth that she may at the length aspire
 Vnto the temples of thy star-bright eies,
 Vpon whose round orbs perfect beautie sits,
 From whence such glorious christall beames arise,

As best my *Chloris* seemly face befits.

Which eies, which beautie, which bright christall beame,
Which face of thine hath made my loue extreame.

Sonnet 3.

Feede silly sheepe although your keeper pineth,
Yet like to *Tantalus* doth see his foode.
Skip you and leape, no bright *Apollo* shineth
Whilst I bewaile my sorrowes in yon wood.
Where wofull *Philomela* doth record,
And sings with notes of sad and dire lament,
The tragedie wrought by hir sisters Lord,
Ille beare a part in hir blacke discontent
That pipe which erst was woont to make you glee,
Vpon these downes whereon you carelesse graze,
Shall to hir mournfull musicke tuned be.
Let not my plaints poore lambkins you amaze.
There vnderneath that darke and duskie bowre,
Whole showres of teares to *Chloris* I will powre.

Sonnet 4.

Whole showres of teares to *Chloris* I will powre.
As true oblations of my sincere loue,
If that will not suffice most fairest flowre,
Then shall my sighes thee vnto pitie moue.
If neither teares nor sighes can ought preuaile,
My streaming blood thine anger shall appease,
This hand of mine by vigor shall assaile,
To teare my hart asunder thee to please.
Celestiall powres on you I inuocate,
You know the chaste affections of my minde,
I neuer did my faith yet violate,
Why should my *Chloris* then be so unkinde ?
That neither teares, nor sighs, nor streaming blood,
Can vnto mercy moue hir cruell mood.

Sonnet 5.

You Fawnes and Siluans, when my *Chloris* brings
Hir flocks to water in your pleasant plaines,
Sollicite hir to pitie *Corins* stings,
The smart whereof for hir he still sustaines.
For she is ruthlesse of my wofull song.
My oaten reede she not delights to heare.
O *Chloris*, *Chloris*, *Corine* thou dost wrong,
Who loues thee better than his owne hart deere.
The flames of *Aetna* are not halfe so hot,
As is the fire which thy disdaine hath bred.
Ah cruell fates, why do you then besot

Poore Corins soule with loue when loue is fled.
 Either cause cruell *Chloris* to relent,
 Or let me die vpon the wound she sent.

Sonnet 6.

You lofty Pines copartners of my wo,
 When *Chloris* sitteth vnderneath your shade,
 To hir those sighes and teares I pray you sho,
 Whilst you attending I for hir haue made.
 Whilst you attending, dropped haue sweet balme,
 In token that you pitie my distresse,
Zephirus hath your stately boughes made calme
 Whilst I to you my sorrowes did expresse.
 The neighbor mountaines bended haue their tops,
 When they haue heard my rufull melodie,
 And Elues in rings about me leaps and hops,
 To frame my paslions to their iollitie.
 Resounding Ecchoes from their obscure caues,
 Reiterate what most my fancie craues.

Sonnet 7.

What neede I mourne? seeing *Pan* our sacred King
 of that nymph faire *Syrinx* coy disdained,
 The worlds great light which comforteth each thing,
 All comfortlesse for *Daphnes* sake remained.
 If gods can finde no helpe to heale the sore
 Made by loues shafts, which pointed are with fire.
 Vnhappy *Corine* then thy chaunce deplore,
 Sith they despaire by wanting their desire.
 I am not *Pan* though I a shepheard bee,
 Yet is my loue as faire as *Syrinx* was.
 My songs cannot with *Phæbus* tunes agree,
 Yet *Chloris* doth his *Daphnes* far surpas.
 How much more faire by so much more vnkinde,
 Then *Syrinx* coy, or *Daphnes* I hir finde.

Sonnet 8.

No sooner had faire *Phæbus* trimd his car,
 Being newly risen from *Auroraes* bed,
 But I in whom dispaire and hope did war,
 My vnpend flocke vnto the mountaines led.
 Tripping vpon the snowe soft downes I spide
 Three nymphs more fairer than those beauties three,
 Which did appeare to *Paris* on mount *Ide*,
 Comming more neere my goddesse I there see,
 For she the field nymphes oftentimes doth haunt,
 To hunt with them the fierce and sauage bore,
 And hauing sported virelaies they chaunt,

Whilst I vnhappy helplesse cares deplore.
 There did I call to hir, ah too vnkinde,
 But tyger like, of me she had no minde.

Sonnet 9.

Vnto the fountaine where faire *Delila* chaste
 The proud *Acteon* turned to a Hart
 I droue my flocke that water sweete to taste,
 Cause from the welkin *Phæbus* gan depart
 There did I see the nymph whom I admire.
 Remembring hir locks, of which the yellow hew
 Made blush the beauties of her curled wire,
 Which *Ioue* himselfe with wonder well might view.
 Then red with ire, hir tresses she berent,
 And weeping hid the beautie of hir face:
 Whilst I amazed, at hir discontent
 With teares and sighs do humbly sue for grace:
 But she regarding neither teares nor mone,
 Flies from the fountaine leauing me alone.

Sonnet 10.

Am I a *Gorgon*? that she doth me flie,
 Or was I hatched in the riuer Nyle?
 Or doth my *Chloris* stand in doubt that I
 With Syren songs do seeke hir to beguyle?
 If any one of these she can object
 Gainst me which chaste affected loue protest,
 Then might my fortunes by hir frownes be checkt,
 And blamelesse she from scandall free might rest.
 But seeing I am no hideous monster borne,
 But haue that shape which other men do beare,
 Which forme great *Iupiter* did neuer scorne,
 Amongst hir subiects heere on earth to weare.
 Why should she then that soule with sorrow fill,
 Which vowed hath to loue and serue her still.

Sonnet 11.

Tell me my deere what mooues thy ruthlesse minde
 To be so cruell, seeing thou art so faire?
 Did Nature frame thy beautie so vnkinde?
 Or dost thou scorne to pitie my dispaire?
 O no it was not natures ornament,
 But winged loues vnpartiall cruell wound,
 Which in my hart is euer permanent,
 Vntill my *Chloris* make me whole and sound.
 O glorious loue-god thinke on my harts grieve,
 Let not thy vassaile pine through deepe disdaine,

By wounding *Chloris* I shall finde reliefe,
 If thou impart to hir some of my paine.
 She doth thy temples and thy shrines abiect,
 They with *Amintas* flowers by me are deckt.

Sonnet 12.

Cease eies to weepe sith none bemones your weeping,
 Leau of good muse to sound the cruell name
 Of my loues Queene which hath my hart in keeping,
 Yet of my loue doth make a iesting game.
 Long hath my sufferance labored to inforce,
 One pearle of pitie from her pretty eies,
 Whilst I with restles Oceans of remorse
 Bedew the banks where my faire *Chloris* lies,
 Where my faire *Chloris* baths hir tender skin,
 And doth triumph to see such riuers fall
 From those moist springs, which neuer dry haue bin
 Since she their honor hath detain'de in thrall.
 And still she scornes one fauoring smile to showe
 Vnto those waues proceeding from my woe.

A dreame. Sonnet. 13.

What time faire *Titan* in the Zenith sate
 And equally the fixed poles did heate,
 When to my flocke my daily woes I chate,
 And vnderneath a broad beech tooke my seate:
 The dreaming god whom *Morpheus* Poets call,
 Augmenting fuell to my *Aetnas* fire,
 With sleepe possessing my weake sences all,
 In apparitions makes my hopes aspire.
 Me thought I saw a Nymph I would imbrace,
 With armes abroad comming to me for helpe,
 A lust-led Satyre hauing hir in chace
 Which after hir, about the fields did yelpe.
 I seeing my loue in perplexed plight,
 A sturdy bat from of an oke I reft,
 And with the rauishor continue fight
 Till breathlesse I vpon the earth him left.
 Then when my coy Nymph saw her breathlesse foe,
 With kisses kinde she gratifies my paine,
 Protesting neuer rigor more to showe.
 Happy was I this good hap to obtaine,
 But drowsie slumbers flying to their cell,
 My sudden ioy conuerted was to bale,
 My wonted sorrowes still with me do dwell.
 I looked round about on hill and dale,
 But I could neither my faire *Chloris* view,

Nor yet the Satyre which erst while I slew.

Sonnet 14.

Moornful *Amintas* thou didst pine with care,
 Bicause the fates by their vntimely doome,
 Of life bereft thy louing *Phillis* faire:
 When thy loues spring did first begin to bloome.
 My care doth counteruale that care of thine
 And yet my *Chloris* draws her angrie breath,
 My hopes still hoping hopelesse now repine,
 For living she doth adde to me but death.
 Thy *Phillis* dying, loued thee full deere,
 My *Chloris* living, hates poor *Coryns* loue,
 Thus doth my woe as great as thine appeere,
 Though sundry accents both our sorrowes moue.
 Thy swan-like songs, did shew thy dying anguish:
 These weeping truce-men shew I living languish.

Sonnet 15.

These weeping truce-men shew I living languish,
 My woful wailings tels my discontent,
 Yet *Chloris* nought esteemeth of mine anguish,
 My thrilling throbs hir hart cannot relent.
 My Kids to heare, the rimes and round delaies
 Which I on wastefull hills was wont to sing:
 Did more delight the Larke in sommer daies,
 Whole eccho made the neighbour groues to ring:
 But now my flocke all drooping bleates and cries,
 Because my pipe the author of their sport,
 All rent and torne, and vnrespected lies,
 Their lamentations do my cares consort.
 They cease to feede and listen to me plaint,
 Which I powre forth vnto a cruell Saint.

Sonnet 16.

Which I powre foorth vnto a cruell Saint,
 Who mercillesse my praiers doth attend:
 Who Tiger-like doth pittie my complaint,
 And neuer eare vnto my woes will lend.
 But still false hope despairing life deludes,
 And tels my fancie I shall grace obtaine,
 But *Chloris* faire my orisons concludes
 With fearfull frownes presagers of my paine.
 Thus do I spend the weary wandring day,
 Oppressed with a *Chaos* of harts grieffe,
 Thus I consume the obscure night away,
 Neglecting sleepe which brings all cares reliefe,
 Thus I passe my ling'ring life in woe,

But when my blisse will come I do not knoe.

Sonnet 17.

The perils which *Leander* tooke in hand,
 Faire *Heros* loue and fauor to obtaine
 When void of feare securely leauing land,
 Through *Hellespont* he swam to *Cestos* maine,
 His dangers should not counterpoise my toile,
 If my deere loue would once but pittie showe,
 To quench these flames which in my breast do broile,
 Or dry these springs which from mine eies do flowe:
 Not onely *Hellespont* but Ocean seas,
 For hir sweete sake to forde I would attempt.
 So that my trauels would hir ire appeas,
 My soule from thrall and languish to exempt,
 O what ist not poore I would vndertake,
 If labor could my peace with *Chloris* make.

Sonnet 18.

My Loue, I cannot thy rare beauties place.
 Vnder those formes which many writers vse,
 Some like to stones compare their mistris face
 Some in the name of flowers do loue abuse:
 Some makes their loue a goldsmiths shop to be,
 Where orient pearles and pretious stones abounde.
 In my conceite these farre do disagree,
 The perfect praise of beautie foorth to sounde.
 O *Chloris* thou dost imitate thy selfe,
 Selfs imitating passeth pretious stones,
 Or all the Easterne Indian golden pelfe:
 Thy red and white with purest faire attones,
 Matchlesse for beautie nature hath thee framed,
 Onely vnkinde and cruell art thou named.

Sonnet 19.

The Hound by eating grasse doth finde reliefe,
 For being sicke it is his choysest meate:
 The wounded Hart doth ease his paine and grieve
 If he the herbe Dictamion may eate:
 The loathsome Snake renewes his sight againe:
 When he casts off his withered coat and hue:
 The skie bred Eagle fresh age doth obtaine
 When he his beake decaieth doth renue.
 I woorse then these whose sore no salue can cure,
 Whose grieve no herbe, nor plant nor tree can ease,
 Remedillesse I still must paine indure,
 Till I my *Chloris* furious moode can please;
 She like the Scorpion gaue to me a wound,

And like the Scorpion she must make me sound.

Sonnet 20.

Yee wasteful woods beare witnes of my woe,
 Wherein my plaints doe oftentimes abound:
 Yee carelesle birds my sorrowes well do knoe,
 They in your songs were wont to make a sound.
 Thou pleasant spring canst record likewise beare
 Of my designes and sad disparagment,
 When thy transparent billowes mingled weare
 With those downfals which from mine eies were sent.
 The eccho of my still-lamentmg cries,
 From hallow vaults in treble voice resoundeth,
 And then into the emptie aire it flies,
 And backe againe from whence it came reboundeth.
 That Nimphe vnto my clamors doth replie,
 Being likewise scornd in loue as well as I.

Sonnet 21.

Being likewise scornd in loue as well as I
 By that selfe-louing boy, who did disdaine
 To heare hir after him for loue to crie,
 For which in dens obscure she doth remaine :
 Yet doth she answer to ech speech and voice,
 And renders backe the last of what we speake,
 (But 'specially if she might have hir choice,
 She of vnkindnes would hir talke foorth breake)
 She loues to heare of loues most sacred name,
 Although poor nimph in loue she was despised;
 And euer smce she hides hir head for shame,
 That hir true meaning was so lightly prised:
 She pittying me, part of my woes doth beare,
 As you good shepheards listning now shall heare.

Sonnet 22.

O fairest faire to thee I make my plaint,
 To thee from whom my cause of grief doth spring,
 Attentive be vnto the grones sweete Saint,
 Which vnto thee in doleful tunes I sing.
 My mournfull muse doth alwaies speake of thee,
 My loue is pure ô do it not disdaine,
 With bitter sorrow still oppresse not mee,
 But mildly looke vpon me which complaine.
 Kill not my true-affecting thoughts, but give
 Such pretious balm of comfort to my hart,
 That casting off despaire in hope to liue,
 I may find helpe at length to ease my smart.

So shall you adde such courage to my loue,
That fortune false my faith shall not remoue[.]

Sonnet 23.

The *Phaenix* faire which rich *Arabia* breeds,
When wasting time, expires hir tragedy
No more on *Phæbus* radiant raise she feedes,
But heapeth vp great store of spicery.
And on a loftie trowing Cedar tree,
With heauenly substance she hir selfe consumes,
From whence she yoong againe appeeres to bee,
Out of the Cinders of hir peerelesse plumes.
So I which long have fried in lous flame,
The fire not made of spice but sighes and teares,
Reuiue againe in hope disdaine to shame,
And put to flight the Author of my feares.
Hir eies reuiue decaying life in me,
Though they augmenters of my thraldome be.

Sonnet 24.

Though they augmenters of my thraldome be,
For hir I liue and hir I loue and none els:
O then faire eyes looke mildly vpon me,
Who poore despide, forlorne must liue alone els,
And like *Amintas* haunt the desart eels
(And monillesse there breath out thy crueltye)
Where none but care and Melancholy dwels.
I for reuenge to *Nemesis* will crie;
If that will not preuaile my wandring ghoste,
Which breathles heere this loue scorcht trunck shall leaue,
Shall vnto thee with tragicke tidings poste,
How thy disdaine did life from soule bereaue.
Then all too late my death thou wilt repent,
When murders guilt thy conscience shall torment.

Sonnet 25.

Who doth not know that loue is triumphant,
Sitting vpon the throne of Maiestie,
The gods themselues his cruell darts do daunt,
And he blind boy smiles at their miserie?
Loue made great *Ioue* oftentimes transforme his shape.
Loue made the fierce *Alcides* stoop at last
Achillis stout and bold, could not escape
The direfull doome which loue vpon him cast.
Loue made *Leander* passe the dreadfull flood
While *Cestos* from *Abydos* doth deuide.
Loue made a *Chaos* where proud *Ilion* stood,
Through loue the *Carthaginian Dido* dide.

Thus may we see how loue doth rule & raignes,
 Bringing those vnder, which his power disdaines[.]

Sonnet 26.

Though you be faire and beautifull withall
 And I am blacke for which you me despise,
 Know that your beauty subiect is to fall
 Though you esteeme it at so high a prise.
 And time may come when that whereof you boast,
 (Which is your youths chief wealth and ornament)
 Shall withered be by winters raging froast,
 When beauties pride and flowring yeeres are spent.
 Then wilt thou morne when none shall thee respect
 Then wilt thou think how thou hast scornd my tears,
 Then pitillesse ech one will thee neglect,
 When hoary gray shall die thy yellow hears.
 Then wilt thou thinke vpon poore *Corins* case,
 Who lou'd thee deere yet liu'd in thy disgrace[.]

Sonnet 27.

O Loue leaue off with sorrow to torment mee,
 Let my harts griefe and pining paine content thee.
 The breach is made I giue thee leaue to enter,
 Thee to resist great god I dare not venter.
 Restlesse desire dost aggrauate mine anguish,
 Carefull conceits do fill my soule with languish.
 Be not too cruell in thy conquest gained,
 Thy deadly shafts hath victory obtained.
 Batter no more my forte with fierce affection,
 But shield me captiue vnder thy protection.
 I yeeld to thee O Loue thou art the stronger,
 Raise then thy siege, and trouble me no longer.

Sonnet 28.

What cruell star or fate had domination
 When I was borne, that thus my loue is crossed?
 Or from what Planet had I deriuation
 That thus my life in seas of woe is crossed?
 Doth any liue that euer had such hap
 That all their actions are of none effect?
 Whom fortune neuer dandled in hir lap
 But as an abiect still doth me reiect,
 Ah fickle dame, and yet thou constant art
 My daily griefe and anguish to increase,
 And to augment the troubles of my hart
 Thou of these bonds wilt neuer me release
 So that thy darlings me to be may know,
 The true Idea of all worldly woe.

Sonnet 29.

Some in their harts their Mistris colours bears,
 Some hath hir gloves, some other hath hir garters,
 Some in a bracelet wears hir golden hears,
 And some with kisses seale their louing charters.
 But I which neuer fauor reaped yet,
 Nor hath one pleasant looke from hir faire brow,
 Content my selfe in silent shade to sit
 In hope at length my cares to ouerplow.
 Meane while mine eies shall feede on hir faire face,
 My sighs shall tell to hir my sad designes,
 My paineful pen shall euer sue for grace
 To helpe my hart, which languishing now pines.
 And I will triumph still amidst my woe
 Till mercy shall my iorrowes ouerflowe.

Sonnet 30.

The raging sea within his limits lies
 And with an ebbe his flowing doth discharge,
 The riuers when.beyond their bounds they ries,
 Themselues do emptie in the Ocean large:
 But my loues sea which neuer limit keepeth,
 Which neuer ebs but alwaies euer floweth,
 In liquid salt vnto my Chloris weepeth,
 Yet frustrate are the teares which he bestoweth:
 This sea which first was but a little spring
 Is now so great and far beyond all reason,
 That it a deluge to my thoughts doth bring,
 Which ouerwhelmed hath my ioying season.
 So hard and dry is my Saints cruell minde,
 These waues no way in hir to sinke can finde.

Sonnet 31.

These waues no way in hir to sinke can finde
 To penetrate the pith of contemplation,
 These teares cannot dissolue hir hardned minde,
 Nor moue hir heart on me to take compassion:
 O then poore *Coryne* scornd and quite despized,
 Loath now to liue smce life procures thy woe
 Enough thou hast thy hart anatomized
 For hir sweete sake which will no pittie shoe:
 But as colde winters stormes and nipping frost,
 Can neuer change sweet *Aramanthus* hue,
 So though my love and life by hir are crost;
 My hart shall still be constant firme and true.
 Although *Erinnis* hinders *Hymens* rites,

My fixed faith against obliuion [f]ights[.]

Sonnet 32.

My fixed faith against obliuion fights,
 And I cannot forget her pretty else,
 (Although she cruell be vnto my plights)
 Yet let me rather cleane forget my selfe,
 Then hir sweete name out of my minde should goe,
 Which is th' *Elixar* of my pining soule,
 From whence the essence of my life doth floe,
 Whose beautie rare my sences all controule,
 Themselues most happie euermore accounting,
 That such a nymph is Queene of their affection,
 With raiisht rage they to the skies are mounting,
 Esteeming not their thraldome nor subiection,
 But still do ioy amidst their miserie,
 With patience bearing loues captiuitie.

Sonnet 33

With patience bearing loues captiuitie
 Themselues vnguiltie of his wrath alleaging,
 These homely lines abiects of Poesie
 For libertie and for their ransome pleadging,
 And being free they solemnly do vowe,
 Vnder his banner euer armes to beare
 Against those rebels which do disallowe
 That loue of blisse should be the soueraigne heire:
 And *Chloris* if these weeping truce-men may
 One sparke of pittie from thine eies obtaine,
 In recompence of their sad heauy lay;
 Poore *Coryne* shall thy faithfull friend remaine,
 And what I say I euer will approue,
 No ioy can be compared to thy loue.

Sonnet 34.

The birde of Thrace which doth bewaile hir rape
 And murthred *It is* eaten by his fire,
 When she hir woes in dolefull tunes doth shape,
 She sets hir brest against a thornie brire,
 Because care-charmer sleepe should not disturbe
 The tragicke tale which to the night she tels,
 She doth hir rest and quietnes thus curbe
 Amongst the groues where secret silence dwels.
 Euen so I wake, and waking waile all night,
Chloris vnkindnes slumbers doth expell,
 I need not thornes sweete sleep to put to flight,
 Hir crueltie my golden rest doth quell:
 That day and night to me are alwaies one,

Consum'd in woe, in teares, in sighes and mone.

Sonnet 35.

Like to the shipman in his brittle boate,
 Tossed aloft by the vnconstant winde,
 By dangerous rocks and whirling gulfes doth floate,
 Hoping at length the wished Porte to finde:
 So doth my loue in stormy billowes saile,
 And passeth the gaping *Scillaes* waues,
 In hope at length with *Chloris* to preuaile
 And win that prize which most my fancie craues:
 Which vnto me of value will be more,
 Then was that rich and welthie golden fleece,
 Which *Iason* stout from *Colchos* Iland bore
 With winde in sailes vnto the shore of Greece[.]
 More rich, more rare, more woorth hir loue I prize
 Then all the wealth which vnder heauen lies.

Sonnet 36.

O what a wound and what a deadly stroke
 Doth *Cupid* giue to vs perplexed louers?
 Which cleaues more fast, then Iuie doth to oke,
 Vnto our harts where he his might discouers.
 Though warlike *Mars* were armed at all points,
 With that tride coate which fierie *Vulcan* made,
 Loues shafts did penetrate his steeled ioints,
 And in his breast a streaming gore did wade,
 So pittiles is this fell conquerer:
 That in his mothers paps his arrowes stucke,
 Such in his rage that he doth not defer,
 To wound those orbs from whence he life did sucke.
 There sith no merey he shewes to his mother,
 We meekely must his force and rigor smother.

Sonnet 37.

Each beast in field doth wish the morning light,
 The birds to *Hesper* pleasant laies to sing:
 The wanton kids well fed reioice in night,
 Being likewise glad when day begins to spring.
 But night nor day are welcome vnto me,
 Both can beare witnes of my lamentation,
 All day sad sighing *Corine* you shall see,
 All night he spends in teares and exclamation.
 Thus still I liue although I take no rest:
 But liuing looke as one that is a dying:
 Thus my sad soule with care and grieve opprest,
 Seemes as a ghost to *Styx* and *Lethe* flying.
 Thus hath fond loue bereft my youtfull yeeres,

Of all good hap before old age appeeres.

Sonnet 38.

That day wherein mine eies cannot hir see,
 Which is the essence of their christall sight,
 Both blinde, obscure and dimme that day they bee,
 And are debarred of faire heauens light,
 That day wherein mine eares do want to heare hir,
 Hearing that day is from me quite bereft,
 That day wherein to touch I come not neer hir,
 That day no sence of touching I have left,
 That day wherein I lacke the fragrant smell,
 Which from hir pleasant amber breath proceedeth,
 Smelling that day disdaines with me to dwell,
 Onely weake hope my pining carcase feedeth.
 But burst poore hart thou hast no better hope,
 Since all thy sences have no further scope.

Sonnet 39

The stately Lion and the furious Beare
 The skill of man doth alter from their kinde,
 For where before they wilde and sauage were,
 By art both tame and meeke you shall them finde.
 The Elephant although a mighty beaste.
 A man may rule according to his skill,
 The lustie horse obaieth our beheast,
 For with the Curbe you may him guide at will,
 Although the flint molt hard containes the fire,
 By force we do his vertue soone obtaine,
 For with a steele you shall haue you[r] desire,
 Thus man may all things by industry gaine;
 Onely a woman if she list not loue,
 No art, nor force, can vnto pitie moue.

Sonnet 40.

No Arte nor force can vnto pittie moue
 Hir stonie hart that makes my hart to pant,
 No pleading passions of my extreame loue
 Can mollifie hir minde of adamant
 Ah cruell sex, and foe to all mankind:
 Either you loue or els you hate too much:
 A glistring shew of golde in you we finde,
 And yet you prooue but copper in the touch.
 But why? O why? do I so farre digresse?
 Nature you made of pure and fairest molde,
 The pompe and glory of man to depresse,
 And as your slaues in thraldome them to holde:

Which by experience now too well I proue,
There is no paine vnto the paines of loue.

Sonnet 41.

Faire Shepheardesse, when as these rusticke lines
Comes to thy sight, waigh but with what affection
Thy seruile doth depaint his sad desines,
Which to redres of thee he makes election.
If so you scorne you kill, if you seeme coye
You wound poore *Corine* to the very hart:
If that you smile you shall increase his ioye:
If these you like you banish do all smart,
And this I do protest most fairest faire,
My muse shall neuer cease that hill to clime,
To which the learned Muses do repaire,
And all to deifie thy name in rime.
And neuer none shall write with truer minde
As by all proofe and triall you shall finde[.]

Sonnet 42.

Dye, dye, my hopes for you do but augment
The burning accents of my deepe despaire,
Disdaine and scorne, your downfall do consent,
Tell to the world she is vnkinde, yet faire.
O eies close vp those euer-running fountaines,
For pitillesse are all the teares you shed
Wherewith you watred haue both dales and mountaines,
I see, I see, remorse from hir is fled.
Pacce hence yee sighes into the empty aire,
Into the aire that none your sound may heare,
Sith cruell *Chloris* hath of you no care,
Although shie once esteemed you full deare.
Let Sable night all your disgraces couer,
Yet truer sighes were neuer sigh't by louer.

Sonnet 43.

Thou glorious sunne, from whence my lesser light
The substance of his christall shine doth borrow,
Let these my mones finde fauor in thy sight,
And with remorse extinguish now my sorrow.
Renew those lampes which thy disdaine hath quenched,
As *Phæbus* doth hir sister *Phæbus* shine,
Consider how thy *Coryne* being drenched
In seas of woe, to thee his plaints incline.
And at thy feete with teares doth sue for grace,
Which art the goddessse of his chast desire,
Let not thy frowns these labors poore deface
Although aloft they at the first aspire.

And time shall come as yet vnknowne to men,
When I more large thy praises forth shall pen.

Sonnet 44.

When I more large thy praises foorth shall show,
That all the world thy beauty shall admire,
Desiring that most sacred Nymph to know
Which hath the stiepherds fancie set on fire,
Till then my deere let these thine eies content,
Till then faire loue thinke if I merit fauor,
Till then O let thy mercifull assent
Relish my hopes with some comforting sauor,
So shall you adde such courage to my muse,
That she shall clime the steep *Parnasaes* hill,
That learned Poets shall my deeds peruse
When I from thence obtained haue more skill.
And what I sing shall alwaies be of thee
As long as life or breath remaines in me.

Sonnet 45.

When she was borne whom I intirely loue,
Th' immortall gods her birth-rites foorth to grace
Descending from their glorious seat aboue,
They did on hir these seuerall vertues place.
First *Saturne* gave to hir sobriety,
Ioue then indued hir with comelines,
And *Sol* with wisdomedid hir beautify,
Mercurie with wit and knowledge did hir bles,
Venus with beautie did all parts bedeck,
Luna therewith did modesty combine,
Diana chast all loose desires did check,
And like a lampe in cleernes she doth shine,
But *Mars* according to his stubborne kinde,
No vertue gaue but a disdainfull minde.

Sonnet 46.

When *Chloris* first [with] hir hart-robbing-eie
Inchaunted had my silly sences all,
I little did respect loues crueltie,
I neuer thought his snares should me enthrall:
But since hir tresses have entangled me,
My pining flocke did neuer heare me sing
Those ioly notes which earst did make them glee,
Nor do my kids about me leape and spring.
As they were wont, but when they heare me crie
They likewise crie and fill the aire with bleating:
Then do my sheepe vpon the cold earth lie,
And feede no more, my griefes they are repeating.

O *Chloris* if thou then sawest them and me
 I'am sure thou wouldste both pitie them and me.

Sonnet 47.

I need not tell thee of the lilly white,
 Nor of the rose at red which doth thee grace,
 Nor of thy golden haire like *Phæbus* bright,
 Nor of the beautie of thy fairest face.
 Nor of thine eies which heauenly stars excell,
 Nor of thy goodly thighes as white as snow,
 Whole glory to my fancie seemeth oft
 That like an arch triumphall they do show.
 [Last line cut off.]

Sonnet 48.

But of thy hart too cruell I thee tell,
 Which hath tormented my yoong budding age,
 And doth (vnlesse your mildnes passions quell)
 My vtter ruine neere at hand presage.
 Instead of blood which wont was to display
 His ruddy red vpon my hearlesse face,
 By ouer greeuing that is fled away,
 Pale dying colour there hath taken place.
 Those curled locks which thou wast wont to twist
 Vnkempt, vnshorne and out of order beene,
 Since my disgrace I had of them no list,
 Since when these eies no ioyfull daye haue seene,
 Nor neuer shall till you renue againe
 The mutuall loue, which did possesse vs twaine[.]

Sonnet 49.

You that imbrace inchaunting Poesie,
 Be gracious to perplexed *Coryns* lines.
 You that do feeble loues proud authoritie,
 Helpe me to sing my sighes sad designes.
Chloris requite not faithful loue with scorne,
 But as thou oughtest haue commiseration,
 I haue ynough anatomized and torne
 My hart, thereof to make a pure oblation.
 Likewise consider now thy *Coryne* priseth
 Thy parts aboue each absolute perfection,
 How he of euery pretious thing deuise
 To make the[e] soueraigne, grant me then affection.
 Els thus I prise thee, *Chloris* is alone
 More hard then gold or pearle or precious stone.

Sonnet 50.

Colin I know that in thy loftie wit

Thou wilt but laugh at these my youthfull lines,
Content I am, they should in silence sit.
Obscurd from light, to sing their sad designes:

But that it pleased thy graue shepherdhood
The Patron of my maiden verse to bee,
When I in doubt of raging Enuie flood,
And now I waigh not who shall *Chloris* see.

For fruit before it comes to full perfection
But blossomes is, as euery man doth know:
So these being bloomes, and vnder thy protection
In time I hope to ripenes more will grow.

And so I leaue thee to thy woorthy muse,
Desiring thee all faults here to excuse.

FINIS.



Renaissance Editions